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THE WIDOW'S HOPE.

BY H. F. GOULD.

Sleep on, my babe, and in thy dream
 Thy father's face behold,
That love again may warmly beam
 From eyes now dark and cold.
His wonted fond embrace to give,
 To smile as once he smiled,
Again let all the father live,
 To bless his orphan child.

Thy mother sits these heavy hours
 To measure off with sighs;
And over Life's quick-withered flowers
 To droop with streaming eyes.
For, ah, our waking dreams, how fast
 Their dearest visions fade,
Or flee, and leave their glory cast
 For ever into shade!

And still, the doating, stricken heart,
 In every bleeding string
That grief has snapped or worn apart,
 Finds yet wherewith to cling;
And yet whereon its hold to take
 With stronger, double grasp,
Because of joys it held to break
 Or melt within its clasp.

A blast has proved that in the sand
 I based my fair, high tower:
Pale Death has laid his rending hand
 On my new Eden bower!
And now, my tender orphan boy,
 Sweet bud of hope, I see
My spice of life, my future joy,
 My all, wrapped up in thee.

I fear to murmur in the ear
 Of Him who willed the blow
And sent the King of Terrors here
 To lay thy father low.
I ask His aid my griefs to bear—
 To say, "Thy will be done!"
That Heaven will still in pity spare
 The widow's only son.

The Princess Nihirmah.

A BRIDAL STORY.

By Miss Pardoe—author of "The City of the Sultan."

It is strange how often events, which to the crowd appear redolent of joy or happiness, are to the principal actors replete with heart-burning and misery—how, what is a pageant to many may be hollowly echoed back in bitterness from the depths of a bereaved and stricken spirit. The price of greatness must be paid, even although it should be in the coinage of despair, wrung slowly through a long life, like blood-drops from the heart; and it is well for the shouting, holiday seeking crowd, that the gaunt spectre of reality is not permitted like the skeleton of the Egyptian banquets, to take its seat at the feast, and startle them into a knowledge of the heavy price paid for the "funeral baked meats" of their empoisoned revel.

Only a few weeks had elapsed since Constantinople had held a general holiday, since her joy had been written in characters of fire, and her tens of thousands had collected together like one great family to celebrate the same happy event. Who that looked around and about him during the marriage festivities of the imperial bride of Said Pasha—the young, the fair, the high-born maiden descended from a long line of Emperors, "born in the purple," and on whom no sunbeam had been suffered to rest, lest it should mar the brightness of her beauty; who could have guessed amid the flashing of jewels, the echo of compliments and the lavish congratulations by which she was surrounded, that the idol to whom all the incense was offered up was already lying withered at the altar on which it had been reared? That the roses of the bridal wreath had fallen leaf by leaf, withered by the burning of the brow they tinctured! and that the victim of an empire's holiday was seated heart-stricken and despairing in her latticed apartment, weeping hot tears over her compulsory sacrifice?

And yet thus it was: even I myself, when the rumor reached me, that had the Princess been free to choose from among the many who sighed for, without venturing to aspire for her hand, she would have made another selection—even I, remembering only that she was an Oriental and forgetting that she was also a woman, never doubted for an instant that she would resign herself to her fate with true Turkish philosophy, and find consolation for a passing disappointment, in the gaud and glitter of her new state. But it was not so: the arrow had been driven home, and the wound was mortal!

Two long years had elapsed since the Sultan had announced to her his intention of bestowing her hand on Mustapha Pasha of Adrianople; and she had received with indifference the intimation of a resolve which made the heart of the Sultana mother throb with maternal pride. But ere long the fair princess learnt herself to believe that her constellation had been a happy one; and to listen with smiling attention to the flattering accounts which the ladies of the Imperial Harem failed not to pour into her willing ears of the Pasha's wealth, influence, and great personal beauty. The singing-women improvised in his honor, with all the gorgeous hyperbole of the East—the professional story tellers told tales of his wisdom and valor that brought a brighter light to the dark eyes of the listener—and ultimately the Sultan forwarded to his daughter a miniature likeness of her intended bridegroom.

Then it was that the Princess became convinced that the personal qualifications of the Pasha had been by no means exaggerated even by his most partial chroniclers; and the young beauty sat for hours amid her embroidered cushions, silently gazing on the portrait that she held in her hand, and marvelling whether she should look as fair in the eyes of her destined lord as he already seemed in her own. She was not long to remain in doubt, for the Pasha, to whom his good fortune had been communicated by the Imperial master, obeyed the summons that called him to the capital and forwarded to his high born mistress his first costly offering.

The heart of the Princess beat high. He was in Stamboul! *The wife of the meanest camal* (street porter) might look on him as the shadow fell upon her in the streets of the city; while she, his affianced bride, could only picture him to her fancy by gazing on the cold inanimate ivory. She turned from the diamonds that her slaves had officiously displayed upon the sofa on which she sat; they came from him it was true, but they told no tale of love—they were the offering of ceremony, the tribute of the honored Pasha to his honoring bride: they had pleased her fancy, but they had not touched her heart.

Night spread her sable robe upon the waters, the channel lay hushed, for the soft wind failed to disturb the ripple over which it lightly skimmed, the Sultana mother and the affianced Princess were dwelling in the gilded saloons of the Asiatic Harem; and it was at this still hour the dark eyed daughter of the Sultan who had been leaning against the lattices of an open window, listening to the nightingales and weaving sweet fancies into a graceful web of thought, turned from the casement to seek the rest which she had hitherto neglected to secure; when as she moved away, the sound of distant oars fell on her ear, and with a vague feeling of curiosity she paused and listened.

A solitary caique neared the palace, and stopped beneath the terrace of the Harem: there was no moon and the clear stars, which were dropped in silver over the purple mantle of the sky, did not betray the secret of the bold midnight visitor. The Princess bent her ear eagerly against the lattice; her brow was flushed, and her breath came quick—her heart did not deceive her—it was indeed the Pasha; and soon a soft strain of music swelled upon the ear; it taught her that this was his first spirit offering to his bright young love.

Oh! how, as she stood beside the casement, did she sigh for moonlight, when, despite the envious lattice, she might have looked upon her princely lover and written his image on her heart! But the song ceased, and the caique slowly dropped down with the current, and she scarcely knew, when she at length withdrew to the innermost recess of her chamber, whether all had not been a dream.

Time passed on and the wish of the fair Princess was accomplished. She had looked upon the Pasha, as his gilded boat passed lingeringly beneath the imperial terrace; she had seen him on his proud steed curveted gracefully under the palace windows; she had beheld him by the light of a bright moon when no eye save hers was on him, and his low, soft accents came sweetly to her ear on the evening wind; and she had learnt to love him with all the fervor of a first affection. Now indeed she valued every gift which came to her from him, not because he made the world pay tribute to charm her fancy, but because he had first seen and approved the offering.

And the Pasha learned that he was loved; the rose withering in the hot sun amid the lattice work of the Princess's window; the long lock of dark hair waving in the wind beside it—the little flower which sometimes fell into the water beside the caique during his midnight and solitary visit, told him the tale that he most wished to hear. It is even said that on one occasion he actually beheld by accident the face of his betrothed wife: be this as it may, however, it is certain that Mustapha Pasha returned to his Pashalik at Adrianople with his mind and thoughts full of the Princess Mihirmah, and with little taste for the delay which was yet to take place ere his marriage.

The departure of the Pasha was the signal for court intrigue and court cabal, for the determination of the Sultan had spread dismay among the most influential of the nobles, who could ill brook the prospect of so dangerous a rival near the throne as the powerful and popular Mustapha Pasha. At the head of this party was the Seraskier, whose influence over the Sultan had long been unbounded, whose wealth had purchased friends, and whose favor had silenced enemies. He it was who first taught the light of Imperial favor to shine on Halil Pasha, who had originally been a groom in his own stables; and who ultimately determined Mahmoud to receive his *protege* as the husband of his eldest daughter; a subtle stroke of policy which secured to him a firm adherent, knit to his cause by every bond of the Princess Salibe was the adopted son of the Seraskier, the object of his munificence, and the sharer in her fortunes.

Thus, in lieu of a rival whom his connection with the Imperial family might have rendered dangerous, the old and wily courier secured a new and influential ally, prompt to adopt his views and to further his ambition. The proposed marriage of the younger Princess involved the same risks, and demanded the same precautions; and it was consequently not without emotion that the Seraskier learned from the lips of the Sultan that Mustapha Pasha was to be the new bridegroom.

He smiled as he heard it, and uttered the usual empty and meaningless compliment of congratulation; but his heart obeyed not the prompting of his words; and, as he left the Presence, he vowed a voiceless vow, that with the help of Allah, the Governor of Adrianople should never be the husband of the Princess Mihirmah; for the more he reflected on the subject, the more he felt the necessity of exerting all his energies to prevent the domestication of Mustapha Pasha at Court.

Young and handsome, he would be all powerful with his imperial bride. Wealthy and high-spirited he would neither from necessity nor inclination be amenable to his own dictation. Proverbially amiable and chivalrously generous, he was already the idol of his province, and would soon become that of the capital; while his grasp of intellect and soundness of judgment, would render it equally impossible to degrade him into a dupe, or to use him as a tool.

Thus, then, the experienced courtier, whose career has been without parallel in Turkish history—whose beard has grown grey under the shadow of the imperial throne—who has seen a hundred favorites rise into greatness, flourish for a brief season, and finally leave their dishonored heads to bleach beneath a fierce sun, impaled above the fatal Orta Kapoussi, or Middle Gate of the Seraglio, or niched in gory grandeur beside the Sublime Porte; who throughout his long career has never failed in any important undertaking—the experienced courtier at once decided that Mustapha Pasha must not be permitted to fill a station, which would invest him with the privilege of thwarting his own plans, or of opposing his own party.

Every Bey of the Imperial Household was in the interest of the Seraskier. It could not well be otherwise; for, during the long years of unchecked prosperity and unfailing favor which I have described, it will be readily conceived that there was not an individual among them who was not indebted to him for some benefit, which could be repaid only by devotion to his wishes.

Nor were there wanting many among the Pashas themselves who were easily taught to look with distrust and suspicion on the threatened rivalry of the young and high-spirited Mustapha; and who readily enlisted in the adverse party. Suffice it that the intrigue prospered: the Sultan first insisted—then wavered—and finally driven, despite himself, to a compromise with the nobles in immediate contact with his person, ultimately proposed the extraordinary expedient to which I have already alluded; and with a weakness of purpose for which it were difficult to account in a despotic monarch, determined to cast the obloquy of irresolution from his own shoulders by leaving the fortunes of his daughter in the hands of Fate—that blind divinity in whom the Turks put such implicit trust, and on whom they philosophically fling the odium of every untoward circumstance.

One stipulation he, however, made: that the name of Mustapha Pasha should be among the seven chosen ones from whom the *falech* of the Princess was to select her a husband; and, having thus quieted his imperial conscience, he made his *namaz* with all proper solemnity, ere he calmly drew from beneath his prayer-carpet the name of Mohammed Said Pasha!

But the affections cannot change so lightly as the will; and when it was announced to the young Princess that she was to receive a new suitor, and to banish all memory of him whom she had so long learnt to love, she sank beneath the tidings, and rejected the consolations which were officiously poured forth by her attendants. The Sultana mother wept and entreated; but for the first time her tears and her entreaties were alike vain: the Princess only turned aside in despairing silence, or bade them leave her to die alone, since death was all that remained to her. Hours passed away; hours of dull, aching anguish that wrung and withered her young heart; and they brought her food, but she put it aside with loathing—and darkness came, but it yielded no rest to her; and on the morrow her dim eyes and haggard cheek so terrified the Sultana, that she at once decided on communicating to her imperial partner the effect of his decision.

The Sultan came, and used every blandishment that could win, and every threat that could terrify; but he failed to wrench the young fond heart from all its allegiance. The same trite common places which rise instinctively to the lips of all domestic despots, be they Christians or Ismaelites, were duly set forth; but love spurns at argument; and the Princess only replied by falling senseless into the arms of her slaves. Days of suffering followed, during which she lay like a blighted flower upon her cushions; hoping one moment against reason, and the next resigning herself without a struggle to the deepest anguish of despair.

Time wore on, and at length she learnt that her destined husband had arrived in the capital!—Then came the gifts of the new suitor, and the ceremonies of the betrothal; and she knew and felt that there was indeed no longer any hope. The conviction was too much for her young strength; and the courtiers were pouring forth their offerings, and the Pasha of the provinces were pressing forward with their congratulations, while the victim of state policy was lying on a sick bed, surrounded by tears and lamentations.

And thus they decked her for the bridal, and carried her forth in her gilded carriage to her new home; and she submitted passively, for she knew that it was in vain to oppose her destiny. But when the proud and happy Said Pasha had borne her in his arms to the state saloon of the harem, preceded by dancing girls, and fair slaves glittering with jewels, and swinging censors of costly incense upon her path, and seated her on the brocaded divan only to throw himself at her feet, and to vow himself to an existence of fond and grateful obedience to her every wish; then did the woman-heart of the Princess flash forth as she sternly commanded him to leave her. The Pasha obeyed not; he believed this coldness to be only a caprice of his Imperial bride, and he lost himself in all the lover-like hyperbole which he doubted not would be expected from him.

But the young bridegroom was not long suffered to be deluded by so flattering a deceit, for the reply of the Princess to his protestations was too direct and convincing, to admit of his indulging the faintest doubt of his misfortune. Around her neck she wore a slight chain, wrought in in dark silk, similar to those to which the Turkish ladies commonly attach an amulet; and for all answers she withdrew this chain, and revealed to the heart-stricken Pasha the portrait of her first suitor.

"It was the Sultan's gift," she said firmly; "I was told he was to be my husband, and they taught me to love him—I loved him ere I knew that such a being as Said Pasha lived—I shall love him so long as this heart has power to beat against his likeness. I will not deceive you; I can look on you only with loathing; my fate is sealed; I shall soon lie in the tomb of my fathers. Inshallah—I trust in God; life is not eternal, and the broken heart ceases at last to suffer."

Said Pasha had triumphed; he had won an Imperial bride; but he was a blighted man. He had seen Mustapha Pasha ride, in the train that did honor to his own nuptials; but a few hours only had elapsed ere he envied his discomfited rival the comparative happiness of freedom.

That rival was, however, far from being reconciled to his fate, irrevocable as it was. He forget that he had lost a proud bride in the memory of her youth, her beauty, and her affection. He lingered near her regal dwelling at midnight to catch the reflection of a taper through the lattices of one of its many windows, trusting that he might chance to look upon the light which beamed on her. His marriage gift was the most costly of all that glittered in her *trousseau*—and he saw the different Pashas who had been called to court to swell the pageant, depart to their provinces, without possessing the courage to follow their example.

Many wondered why Mustapha Pasha, who was supreme at Adrianople, remained in comparative subserviency at Stamboul; and all whispered mysteriously of the change which had come over his nature. He was still urbane and courteous, with a gracious word and a ready smile for all; but the words came less freely, and the smiles were fainter, and even wore at times a tinge of bitterness.

It was about three weeks subsequent to the imperial marriage that an Armenian jeweller completed one of the most costly, brilliant ornaments which had ever been seen, even in the Bezenstein of Constantinople. A mass of immense diamonds were clustered together in its centre in the form of a taper, at whose extremity a flame was burning brightly; and this device was surrounded by a wreath of ivy leaves, amid which a moth was nestled, mounted upon an elastic spring, that at the slightest motion threw the insect into the flame.

The noble jewel was, immediately on its completion, carried to the palace of Mustapha Pasha, whence it was transported to the harem of the princess by a trusty messenger. No written word accompanied the gift—it told its own tale—and four-and-twenty hours had not elapsed from the time in which the mourning-bride clasped it in her turban, ere it was intimated to Mustapha Pasha that he had the permission of his sublime Highness to return to his Pashalik with all convenient speed.

On the morrow he requested his departing audience of the Sultan, when Mahmoud, probably regretting, as he looked upon the noble-minded Mustapha, the wrong which had been compelled to do him, prevented him as he was in the act of kissing his foot, and, extending toward him his Imperial hand, said blandly:—"Forget the past—it was not the will of Allah that my intention in your favor should be fulfilled; but bear with you my assurance that the esteem which I have long felt for you is undiminished. Your presence is required at Adrianople—I am perfectly content with your government—and two years hence I shall recal you to Stamboul, to bestow upon you the hand of my youngest daughter."

The Pasha relinquished his hold of the Imperial fingers; the blood mounted to his brow, and settled there, and the tone was proud, even to haughtiness, with which he answered: "I obey the orders of your Highness: by to-morrow's dawn I shall be on my way to my Pashalik: while I have life I will do my duty to my Sultan and to my prince; but I shall never again aspire to make the happiness of an Imperial Princess; were I ten times more worthy than I am, still should I be no meet husband for a Sultan's daughter. May the blessing of Allah rest on the representative of the Prophet and may the hour not be far distant when Mustapha Pasha may lay down in the service of his sovereign a life which has now become valueless!"

The high-hearted noble departed from the court bearing with him the memory of his passion and of his wrong. The Seraskier sought to console the disappointed bridegroom by heaping upon him the most munificent gifts; and the Princess, in the solitude of the harem, yet wastes her hours in tears, gazing upon the portrait of her lost lover, and imploring of the Prophet an early deliverance from the anguish of a breaking heart.

From the Louisville Literary News-Letter.

STANZAS.

BY "MIRRIA."

We parted many a year ago,
 When life's sweet morning was unclouded;
There was no presage then of the wo
 With which our hearts have since been shrouded.

We parted, as fond youth will part,
 Trusting the world that lay before us;
And deeming nought of human art
 Could blot the heaven then beaming o'er us.

We did not dream of *Love's* decay—
 We thought not of Time's iron fingers
Who ne'er in pity yields his sway,
 Or over love or beauty lingers.

We parted, trusting in the love
 That bound our hearts so close together,
But ah! sometimes the gentlest dove
 Will leave behind his silken tether.

We mourn'd awhile—the world seem'd sad
 When first we mingled, mong the many,
And stranger-faces seemed not glad—
 We sigh'd for those lov'd first of any.

The sun that rises glory-rimm'd
 Is oft obscured amid his splendor—
The heart with love and kindness brimm'd
 The world soon robs of half that's tender.

And so there came, I know not why,
 A sad and chilling cloud between us,
As if the cold malicious eye
 Of some dark spirit-form had seen us.

We ceas'd to love as we had done
 When youth and love were link'd together;
And hearts that had been truly one
 Fell off like leaves in winter weather.

And thus it is—we each have found
 A new companion for life's river,
Unheeding all the vows that bound
 Both the receiver and the giver.

Clark's Mills, O. August, 1839.

From the London Metropolitan.

"Hints on Horsemanship;

Or, Common Sense and Common Errors in Common Riding."

BY A CAVALRY OFFICER.

This is the best little book on the subject of plain riding that we ever met with. The general defect of such works is, that they are too technical and too pedantic. Of all the pedants in the world, the gods save us from dancing masters of the old school and manege riding masters! We were once so stupified in our youth by a professor of the latter class, that we could hardly set foot in stirrup without being "safe for a fall." Besides, the whole school is wrong. Supposing a gentleman to have acquired the art in as great perfection as the Duke of Newcastle, of equestrian celebrity, he would be hooted at if he rode in that style through the streets of London, or any of our parks. The object of our officer of the household brigade is to teach such riding as is useful, and, indeed, indispensable, to every gentleman. He shows no mercy to old prejudices.

The general defect of riders, even when taught in the best schools, is to turn the horse on the wrong rein. "I never," says our author, "knew a cavalry soldier, rough-rider, riding-master, or any horseman whatever, who turned his horse, *single handed*, on the proper rein."

"This is something like steaming without steering. Set them on a finely-broken horse or colt, and they become helpless children—the powerless prisoners of the beast that they bestride. How often does one see one's acquaintance in this distressing situation, with courage enough to dare what man dare, but without the power to do what the rough rider has just done! First comes the false indication of the rider, then the confusion and hesitation of the horse; next the violence of the rider, then the despair and rebellion of the horse. The finish is a fractured limb, from a rear or a runaway, the poor brute is set down as restive, and in fact becomes more or less a misanthrope for the rest of his days. I have seen the gentle and brave, under such circumstances, act very much like the cruel and cowardly; that is to say, first rough an innocent animal for their own fault, and then yield to his resistance. It is in consequence of this that we find so many restive horses; that so few thorough-bred horses—that is, horses of the highest courage—can be made hunters; that, in fact, almost all high-couraged young horses become restive, after leaving the colt breaker's hands. It is, indeed, in consequence of this that the class of people called colt-breakers exist at all. For if we all rode on this principle, which is the true principle, any groom, or moderately good rider, could break any colt, or ride any restive horse. There is a common error, both in theory and practice, with regard to the restive horse. He is very apt to rear sideways against the nearest wall or paling. It is the common error to suppose that he does so with the view of rubbing his rider off. Do not give him credit for intellect to generate such a scheme. It is that, when there, the common error is to pull his head *from* the wall. This brings the rider's knee in contact with it; consequently all farther chastisement ceases; for were the rider to make his horse plunge, his knee would be crushed against the wall. The horse, finding this, probably thinks that it is the very thing desired, and remains there; at least he will again fly to a wall for shelter. Instead of *from* the wall pull his head toward it, so as to place his eye, instead of your knee, against it; continue to use the spur, and he will never go near a wall again. No horse becomes restive in the colt-breaker's hands; nor do any when placed in their hands remain so. The reason is, that they invariably ride with one bridle and two hands, instead of two bridles and one hand. When they wish to go to the right, they pull the right reign stronger than the left. When they wish to go to the left, they pull the left rein stronger than the right. These are indications which, if the colt will not obey, he will at least understand, the first moment he is mounted, and which the most obstinate will not resist. But, as may be supposed, it takes a long time to make him understand that he is to turn to the right when the left reign is pulled; and it is only the meek-spirited and docile who will do this at all. Such, however, is the general docility of the animal, that a great proportion are, after long ill use, taught to answer these false indications. In the same way that a cart-horse is brought to turn right or left by the touch of the whip on the opposite side of the neck, or by word from his driver, and, indeed, such is the nicety to which it may be brought, that you constantly hear persons boast that their horses will 'turn by the weight of the reins on the neck.' This, however, only proves the docility of the horse, and how badly he has been ridden; for a horse which has been finely broken should take notice only of the indications of his rider's hand on his mouth, not of any feeling of the reins against his neck.

Another capital mistake is, to fancy that we can keep a horse from falling by pulling hard at his mouth. It is painful to see a timid rider or driver going down hill, with his reins so tightened that the horse's mouth is drawn up on a line with the horizon, and his eyes so elevated that it is impossible for him to see where he is stepping. The chances of a stumble are thus more than doubled; and if a horse stumble in that condition, cramped, and tightened, and prohibited the use of his head and neck, with which, if left to himself, he will do wonders in recovering himself, down he must go! In riding, the inexpert and timid hold on chiefly by and through the rein. They tighten it so as to make it a kind of bar or pole by which to steady themselves in their seat, and to them any relaxation of either bridle is almost as fatal a thing as losing a stirrup. With a good horse let no such men be trusted; they are the Bishop Bonners and martyr-makers of the noblest part of the animal creation. But many other riders, who are neither timid nor altogether inexpert, fancy that they can keep a horse on his legs by half breaking his jaws. Let us hear our experienced author:

"Common sense tells us that a horse receives no aid from a pull in the mouth with a piece of iron, or a blow from a whip, or a kick in the side with an armed heel, however these may indicate to him the wishes or commands of his rider. It is the common error to suppose that he is aided and supported both by the hand and leg. I beg my pupil to believe, that the horse's legs support the rider, and not the rider's the horse—more than this, that the rider cannot lift the horse, nor hold him up when he is in the act of falling. How often do we hear a man assert that he has taken his horse up between his hands and legs, and lifted him over a fence; that he has recovered his horse on the other side, or that his horse would have fallen forty times, if he had not held him up! These are vulgar errors, and mechanical impossibilities. Could ten men, with handspikes, lift the weight of a horse? Probably. Attach the weight to the thin rein of a lady's bridle! Could a lady lift it with the left hand? I think not; though it is commonly supposed she could. A pull from the curb will, indeed, give the horse so much pain in the mouth that he will throw his head up; and this so flatters the hand that its prowess has saved him, that the rider exclaims, "It may be impossible, but it happens every day. Shall I not believe my own senses?" The answer is, No; not if it can be explained how the senses are deceived: otherwise we could still believe, as, till some few centuries ago the world did believe, that the diurnal motion was in the sun, and not in the earth; otherwise we must subscribe to the philosophy of the Turk, who

"Saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he'd journey'd fifty miles, and found
No sign of its being circular anywhere."

But these errors are not harmless ones; they induce an ambitious interference with the horse at a moment in which he should be left unconfused to the use of his own energies. If, by pulling, and giving him pain in the mouth, you force him to throw up his head and neck, you prevent his seeing how to foot out any unsafe ground, or where to take off at a fence: and, in the case of stumbling, you prevent an action dictated alike by nature and philosophy. When an unmounted horse stumbles, nature teaches him to drop his head and neck; philosophy teaches us the reason of it. During the instant that his head and neck are dropping, the shoulders are relieved from their weight, and that is the instant that the horse makes his effort to recover himself. If, by giving him pain in his mouth, you force him to raise his head and neck, instead of sinking them, his shoulders will still remain encumbered with the weight of them;—more than this, as action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions, the muscular power employed to raise the head and neck will act to sink his knees. The mechanical impossibility of the rider assisting his horse when falling may be demonstrated thus: No motion can be given to a body without a foreign force, or a foreign fulcrum. Your strength is not a foreign force, since it is employed entirely on the horse; nor can it be employed on the foreign fulcrum, the ground, through the medium of your reins. As much as you pull up, so much will you pull down. If a man in a boat uses an oar, he can accelerate or impede the motion of the boat, because his strength is employed through the medium of the oar on the water, which is a foreign fulcrum; but if he take hold of the chain at the head of the boat, his whole strength will not accelerate, nor impede the motion of the boat, because there is neither foreign force nor foreign fulcrum. His whole strength is employed within the boat, and as much as he pulls backward with his hands, he pushes forward with his feet. All the arguments which I have heard adduced against the doctrine here laid down, would also go to prove that a horse cannot fall which has a bearing rein and crupper, that is, whose head is tied to his tail. Sir Francis Head's observation about bearing-reins, in the "Bubbles of the Brunnen," are quite philosophical. They should never be used except for purposes of parade, or to acquire a greater power over a difficult *team*. Sir Francis's observations are also true of the harness used by the peasantry of Nassau, which he describes; but I think this arises from the poverty, not the philosophy of the peasants. Those among them who have money enough to buy smart harness have the most elaborate bearing-reins. One, a chain, from the lower part of the collar, which binds the horse's chin to his breast, and another over the upper part of the collar, along the back, to the tail, independent of the terret-pad and crupper—this is tying a horse's head to his tail with a vengeance. To be consistent, the opponents of the theory which I have laid down should act on this principle—though I have never known them to go quite so far: *sed quis custodes custodiet ipsos?* What is to prevent the tail from falling forward with the body? They indeed argue, "surely if you throw back the weight of the shoulders over the croupe of your horse, you relieve his forehead, and diminish the chance of his falling." This is rather to prove a new method of preventing a horse from falling than to prove the advantage of pulling at the mouth while he is falling; for if it be of any advantage to throw back your weight, then the less you pull at the mouth the better; for the more you pull the less you are at liberty to throw back your weight. But, in truth, it is of no advantage to throw back the weight, when the stumble is made. If a position be previously taken upon the croupe of a horse, the pressure will be less upon the forehead than if you were placed in a forward position. But during the time that the position is in the act of being shifted, that is, during the time that the horse is falling, the act of throwing your own weight backward produces an exactly equivalent pressure forward; is all respects the counterpart of your own motion backward, in intensity and duration. It is useless to dwell on this subject, or to adduce the familiar illustration that it admits of. It is a simple proposition of mechanical equilibrium, and any one who is conversant with such subjects will assent to it."

These are valuable hints, precious elements of knowledge, to all equestrians; and we hope all our young readers who are learning to ride will pay particular attention to them.

Our author does not give many particular directions about the seat, thinking that good handling is the *cause*, and good and graceful sitting the *consequence* of good riding. He also thinks—and he is perfectly right—that there is a peculiar seat proper to many different styles of riding; the extremes being, the manege and the eastern styles, both admirable in their way, and perfectly practical, but each wholly inapplicable to the performances of the other. In leaping, he says, the rider had better content himself with sitting quietly on his horse, holding him only just enough to keep his head straight and regulate his pace, and trusting the rest to his horse's honor. The body should not previously be thrown back: but, as the horse springs, the lower part of the rider being firmly fixed in the saddle, and the upper part perfectly pliable, the body will fall back of itself. And with strong jumping horses, or at down leaps, the shoulders of fine riders will constantly meet their horses' croupes. The more vertical the thigh, the greater the strain in taking this position:—the disciples of the Duke of Newcastle would break in two in the performance.

Having mentioned Newcastle, the great master and model of equestrians in the seventeenth century, we are tempted to give Clarendon's account of that distinguished nobleman. We do not think much of his school of riding, or of his pedantic book on that subject; but we should be glad if a taste for horses and the stable, in our days, were accompanied, as in his case, by a taste for other pursuits.

"He was," says Clarendon, "a very fine gentleman, active, and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding; in which his delight was. Besides that, he was amorous in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greater part of his time."

We fear that few, very few of our sporting gentlemen, are amorous either of poetry or music.

Our author has a few words about the length of the stirrup. He says that the manege length should be shortened by a hole or two for the soldier, to give him power with his weapons; that the soldier should take up his stirrups a hole or two when he goes hunting; the hunter a hole or two when he rides a race; and that for *tours de force*, the short stirrup leathers and broad stirrup iron of the east are indispensable. They give, in fact, the strength of the standing, instead of the strength of the sitting, posture.

"The Cossack retains this standing posture, even at a trot. Few eastern horsemen allow that pace at all, but make their horses walk, amble, or gallop. It is singular of all people the English only rise in the stirrup in trotting. It is not so singular that most European nations are beginning to follow their example. The English hunting seat is, in point of length, the medium of those mentioned; and perhaps that seat, or something between that and the military seat, is the best adapted to common riding. It unites, in a greater degree than any other, case, utility, power, and grace. The most perfect exemplification of this seat is Lord Cathcart's."

The next passage is excellent. We particularly request the attention to the parts we have marked in italics.

"A bad horseman throws his horse down, which a good one does not. This is, because the horseman hurries his horse over hard or rough ground, or down hill, or over loose stones; allows him to choose his own ground; lets him flounder into difficulties, and, when there, *hauls him so that he cannot see, or exert himself to get out of them;* and, expecting chastisement, the horse springs to avoid it, before he has recovered his feet, and goes down with a tremendous impetus. If he has to cross a rut to the right, he probably forces his horse across it, when the right foot is on the ground. In this case, unless the horse collects himself and jumps—if he attempts to step across it—*the probability is, that in crossing his legs he knocks one against the other and falls.* The reverse of all this should be the case. If you have not sufficient tact to feel which of your horse's feet is on the ground, you must allow him to choose his own time for crossing, which will be when the left foot is on the ground. You should habitually choose your horse's ground for him, for, notwithstanding his often-vaunted sagacity and safety, the wisest among horses *will, to avoid a moving leaf, put his foot over a precipice.* This will become as easy to you as choosing your own path when walking. *If your horse has made a stumble, or is in difficulty, you cannot leave him too much at liberty, or be too quiet him.* The only notice to be taken is to reassure him by caressing him, if you see that he expects chastisement from previous brutal treatment. I will add, that you should also habitually prevent your horse out-walking, or lagging behind his companions. *He is either very unsociable, or a bad horseman, who does not keep abreast of his companions.*

THE POLISH LANCER.

A PRUSSIAN TALE OF NAPOLEON'S WARS.

The night was keen and bitter cold. The report ran that General Maison had concentrated his divisions near to Courtray, and was disposed to give us battle; so that a warm day might be expected after this cold night. "I wonder," said one of my comrades, "if the white flying lancer will show himself?"

"Can you doubt it?" replied another; "why, man, he is here and there, and every where."

"Aye, indeed! a very flying dragoon, whose lance has fattened in the heart's blood of our brave comrades; our balls refuse to enter his carcase; and why? because some say that he has sold himself to the *Old One;* but if ever I meet him hand to hand———."

In answer to some minute inquiries, I was informed, that as our Prussians daily came in contact with Napoleon's troops, a Polish lancer had, by his daring deeds, rendered himself the fear and wonder of all. In every skirmish was he to be seen, and ever in the thickest of the fight. He was not only rashly brave, but he was the best rider, and the most expert hurler of the deadly lance: there was not a better horseman, at least in the French ranks. Like the rapid lightning was he seen here and there, darting amid our Prussians upon his fleet white steed—whirling his lance, and striking with unerring aim a me gallant breast—then dashing away singing his Polish song, as if in derision of his wondering foes.

I gave an attentive ear to these accounts of the white lancer, which a stander-by observing, said—"All true as gospel, comrade; if he pricks thee with his lance, thou wilt have no need of troubling the leech for some time after, for he bleeds freely enough."

"Ay, ay, the Kerl's lance is sharp," said another; "and he daily treats us to a pistol-shot, a sharp stab, or a sharper word."

"Do you know," said a third, "that the General had a narrow escape from him to-day as he was reconnoitering?"

"So—the General! but an adjutant is above a match for this lancer, let him catch the adjutant sleeping with both eyes shut if he can.—The white lancer met the adjutant in a narrow way; well, what was to be done? escape was impossible; but then the adjutant's wit was keener for once than the Polish lance. Well, up comes the flying lancer, and without reining up, made a stab at the adjutant. Off his horse rolled the wily adjutant into a soft comfortable ditch full of green weeds and mud; and there he lay as if stone dead. The Pole recovered his lance, shook it till its bloody pennon fluttered, and continued his mad career; then the adjutant crawled out, shook his ears, and for that time cheated the dead list of his name."

Many other wondrous tales were related of the wild Polish lancer,—how he sometimes tickled the ribs, and at others the midriff, with the point of his unerring lance.

It was midnight; many were calmly reposing near the bivouac fire; I also stretched myself in the most comfortable spot I could find, and drew over me a female's mantle, which a Cossaken had bartered with me from his load of plunder for a glass of *wodka*. An upreared door, wrenched probably from some chateau, sheltered me a little from the bitter wind. My ready saddled horse, fastened to the piquet, was slumbering upon three legs. It was a beauteous, clear, starlight night, and the crescent moon sailed majestically through the blue ethereal vault of heaven.

All was calm and still, save the munching of a hungry guard just relieved from a distant post; they were diligently plunging their swords into the great cauldron, and cramming themselves with the still plenteous fragments of fowls and geese, and washing them down with cups of potent *schnapps*. At a short distance might be seen a party of anxious gamblers seated upon the bare ground, a knapsack serving to throw their dice upon. Another group were huddled together over some flasks of wine, which, doubtless, they had fallen in with in some of their marauding parties. Close to the first sat one, sabre in hand, scraping together the scattered remains of the dimming fire; another, full of strong drink to the point of mischief, was amusing himself with throwing gunpowder out of his flask into the fire. Here tossed and tumbled some, and others lay scattered, snorting away most inharmoniously. The outpost continued his silent melancholy march backward and forward, occasionally humming a war song, to keep himself in spirits, or listening to the clanging of his own sabre. In the rear of the bivouac, huddled together, lay the camp followers, ready to sell their potent fire water, or to purchase from the marauders their plunder at one-third of its value. I would fain have slept; but to sleep was impossible; the snorting, snoring, and trumpet-base of my envied comrades, kept my weary eyes from closing. Oft would our Jagers fancy themselves in pursuit, or pursued by the white lancer, whose image met them in their dreams, and his name was upon their sleeping lips.

At this moment a bullet came whistling by the outpost, and struck the earth not far from one of the sleepers, who merely raised his head, rubbed his heavy eyes, and dropped into a deeper sleep. The horses snorted, and pricked their ears. "Let them fire away!" muttered one near to me, "that is no novelty to us;" and again he laid his weary head upon his knapsack. Then whizzed by another and another bullet. "Oho!" cried the outpost, starting aside, "there is a storm near at hand, if one may judge from these heavy drops." Then the careful sentinel listened attentively, and he heard a rushing sound approaching, and afterward the hasty hoofs of horse, and the clang of sabres.

"Halt! who goes there?" cried the alarmed sentinel.

"The General and his suite," was the answer.

"Halt, General! forward, one of the suite!" and the well-instructed sentinel, who now demanded the parole before he would let even the general pass.

In the meantime the distant firing had become much more lively, and approached nearer and nearer; the roar of the cannon was heard, and the vast iron balls rattled through the air, plunged into the earth, or scattered the bare branches of the trees, as if in scorn of their feeble opposition. The enemy was making a general attack upon our posts, and our trumpets sounded the shrill alarm.

Up sprang our sleeping men like a swarm of angry wasps disturbed in their nests, and flew to saddle. One could not find his horse; another limped upon one leg; the other being cramped, or not awake; a third snatched a roast potatoe out of the ashes; a fourth hurried to fill his *flaschchen* with *schnapps* from the busy camp follower. One sleepy dog, who, contrary to orders, had unsaddled his steed, had now in his hurry girthed in the projecting bough of a tree under his saddle, and set his horse kicking mad; another, only half awake, sat nodding upon his horse, but could not move forward, because his steed still remained fast bound to the piquet-stake. Here, one stumbled over the camp-line; there, another floundered into a hole which had been dug in the ground for cookery purposes.—Many wandered hither and thither, and did not seem quite certain whether they were about to meet friend or foe. A strange and curious night-piece is an alarmed bivouac, particularly when illuminated by the enemy's fires.

As our men mounted, they were instantly formed into line; and already our advanced party was performing in a piece where the sabre played the principal part. "Take care! take care, my lads! lest in the dark you sabre your friends. Listen for the French tongue, and then slash away," said our prudent commander.

Doubtless, from our resistance, the French judged that we were in much stronger force; but as the day began to dawn, they were astonished to find that ours was a mere cavalry post, and instantly ordered fresh men to attack us.—The tardy sun at last arose, and the cry of our commander was—"Forward! forward, volunteers!" and a gallant crowd sprung out of our ranks and joined the front.

"There he is! there he is!" exclaimed a dozen voices; and at this moment was seen in the dim distance, rapidly advancing upon a white horse, in front of the chasseurs, a slightly formed lancer; his sky-blue uniform was faced with crimson, and from his scarlet hat, like the comet's tail, streamed the milk-white horse hair—his glittering lance, from which fluttered the red and yellow bandrol, sparkled in the morning sunbeam. Reader, this was the dreaded Polish lancer. This Pole was one of the last of that gallant band, the flower of cavalry, which had helped to gain for the French many a glorious victory. Doubtless he had been induced to fight against the Prussian, who he was led to believe was the enemy of his country; but our people seeing him approach within hearing, called out to him. "*Komme zu uns, Kamerad! weil hinter uns liegt schon dein Vaterland.*" ("Come over to us, comrade! far in our rear lies thy fatherland.") To which the lancer answered—"*Noch ist Polen nicht verloren.*" ("Poland is not yet lost.")—Then he fired his pistol at us, and recommenced his war song.

The chasseurs followed fast upon the flying hoofs of the lancer's white steed. "Forward!" cried our commander. "Strike hard, my sons, for the honor of your fatherland." The word was again thundered forth—"Forward!" Then came the dread shock—then throbbed many hearts, as we firmly clutched our swords, spurred our willing steeds, and with a loud hurrah! rushed upon the foe. But what pen can portray, or tongue describe, the mixed sensations of that awful moment? The rush was made, there was no longer time for thought.

"Be not so rashly valorous, my young comrade," cried the veteran major.

Would to heaven that my mare had understood the warning words! for it was this skittish beast, and not exactly my hot courage, which was hurrying me into the lion's jaws. In the same manner had she only a few hours before brought to us an unlucky French chasseur, and delivered him into our hands; and now it appeared very probable that a Frenchman would shortly again back this unruly brute.

The white lancer witnessed my forced ignoble career, and laughing, and uttering one of his bitter jests, he twirled his fatal lance and stabbed me slightly. At this very moment, and before he could repeat his blow, the enemy (most fortunately for me) was driven back. Though probably the proud haughty French merely intended to show their disdain of us by turning their backs upon us.

The white lancer was, by this last beautiful manœuvre of the French, the rearmost of the rear. He coolly dismounted to give breath to his smoking steed, and then seated himself upon a great stone, and, as if in disdain of our flanking fire, began to eat his breakfast as if he were upon the parade ground of his fatherland, and had heard the order "Stand at ease."

"Look at that impudent rascal!" and several of our irritated men dashed at him; but, like lightning, the lancer sprang upon his horse, and flew laughing upon his fleet steed right and left, seeking for a prey for his sharp lance, and then miraculously escaped from a crowd of enemies, and regained the ranks of our foe, who, strongly re-inforced, advanced again, and then came our turn to retreat.

The lancer upon his white greyhound galloped lightly over the field, fluttering his lance as a hawk high in air quivers its wings ere it stoops over its destined victim; then he laughed, exultingly—"Ho! ho!" cried he in tones of derision, "which of you valiant Prussians will try his sabre against my lance? Come on—come on, Prussians!"

Many of our bravos, who had loudly sworn to eat this lancer and his horse, now pretended not to hear the challenge. But the generous blood of a younger jager was up, and he was determined to conquer or die. Many of his comrades laughed scornfully and said—"Ay, ay, away with thee, my lad; the lancer will surely tickle thee under the ribs."

The brave young man disdained reply, but with sabre swinging to his wrist he left our line. The lancer, perceiving his advance, presented his lance, and in the middle space between the opposing combatants they met, and instantly exchanged cut and stab; but neither rider fell; then they faced about, sprang at each other again, and cut and thrust with might and main. The firing ceased at either side to watch the issue of the champions' strife. Blood streamed from the young jager first, for which he returned a lusty blow, and slightly wounded the lancer.

"Ha! ha! thou art a brave Prussian," cried the Pole; "such an enemy have I never met before. Come hither, comrade, thou must drink out of my *flasche!*"

"I feel assured now that there is no deceit in thee," said the jager, "and I will pledge thee; and in full confidence he sheathed his bloody sword and approached the Pole, who had laid the lance in the hollow of his arm pointing backward. The Pole held out the *flasche;* then the warriors surveyed each other with curious eye, and their horses laid their heads together as if they would also make acquaintance.

"Drink, comrade! drink success to the brave, whether friend or foe," said the Pole to the young Prussian.

"Here's to your health, comrade," replied the young jager; and, as he took the *flasche*, added—"though at this moment my sharp sabre may perhaps have endangered it."

"Why, ay; the sabre bites keenly enough, but thee and thine have often felt the sting of this good lance, and so far we are quits."

"If we gain a victory to-day," said the jager, "how long do you think it will take us to march to Paris?"

"Comrade, this is a matter we need not speak about," replied the lancer. "Here, drink once more out of my *flasche; we are friends yet?*"

"Ay, but once we join our ranks we are foes again!"

Then they quietly turned their horses; and, at twenty paces, paff—paff went their pistols at each other's heads, as they galloped to rejoin their comrades.

The rattle of some thirty muskets, from a thicket where Prussian fusileers lay in ambush, was heard, and the brave lancer and his white horse were seen to roll upon the ground together. In a moment the advanced guard of the enemy was broken and took to flight, leaving the white lancer in our hands; he was not yet quite dead, but raising himself with a dying effort, he exclaimed, "Po—land for ever!" His gallant spirit fled with the words he uttered.—Though every one feared, yet all admired the brave white lancer; and we buried him in a deep grave, and fired over him three volleys in honor of his bravery; his lance and white horse we buried with him.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE WINDS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I.

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
 Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the hair
 O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of blue;
Ye shook from faded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
 Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

II.

How are ye changed! Ye take the cataract's sound,
 Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground;
 The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight,
The clouds before you sweep like eagles past;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
 Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

III.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
 To scape your wrath; ye seize and dash them dead,
Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain;
 The harvest field becomes a river's bed,
And torrents tumble from the hills around,
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,
And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
 Rise, as the rushing floods close overhead.

IV.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
 A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray;
Ye fling its waters round you, as a bird
 Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's spray
See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
 And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

V.

Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty
 Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through fear,
Has chained your pinions, till ye wrenched them free
 And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere:
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow;
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go;
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of snow,
 Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

VI.

O ye wild winds! a mightier Power than yours
 In chains upon the shores of Europe lies,
The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
 Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes:
And armed warriors all around him stand,
And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
 To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

VII.

Yet oh, when that wronged Spirit of our race,
 Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn chains,
And leap in freedom from his prison-place,
 Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
To fill the earth with wo, and blot her fair
 Unconscious breast with blood from human veins.

VIII.

But may he like the Spring-time come abroad,
 Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
 Come spouting up the unsealed springs of light;
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
 Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

Harry Lorrequer's First Love.

When emerging from very boyhood, I half believed myself a man, and was fully convinced that I was in love. Perhaps, after all, for the time it lasted—ten days, I think—it was the most sincere passion I ever felt. I had been spending some weeks at a small watering place in Wales, with some relatives of my mother.—There were, as might be supposed, but few "*distractions*" in such a place, save the scenery, and an occasional day's fishing in the little river of Dolgelly, which ran near. In all these little rambles which the younger portion of the family made together, frequent mention was ever being made of a visit from a very dear cousin, and to which all looked forward with the greatest eagerness—the elder ones of the party with a certain air of quiet pleasure, as though they knew more than they said, and the youngest with all the childish exuberance of youthful delight.—Clara Mourtray seemed to be, from all I was hourly hearing, the very paragon and pattern of every thing. If any one was praised for beauty, Clara was immediately pronounced much prettier—did any one sing, Clara's voice and taste were far superior. In our homeward walk, should the shadows of the dark hills fall with a picturesque effect upon the blue lake, some one was sure to say, "Oh! how Clara would like to sketch that." In short, there was no charm or accomplishment ever the gift of woman, that Clara did not possess; or, what amounted pretty much to the same thing, that my relatives did not give her implicit credit for. The constantly recurring praises of the same person affects us always differently as we go in life. In youth the prevailing sentiment is an ardent desire to see the prodigy of whom we had heard so much—in after years, heartily to detest what hourly hurts our self-love by comparisons. We would take any steps to avoid meeting, what we have inwardly decreed to be a "bore."

The former was my course; and though my curiosity was certainly very great, I had made up my mind to as great a disappointment, and half wished for the longed arrival as a mean of criticising what they could not see fault in.

The wished-for evening at length came, and we all set out upon a walk to meet the carriage which was to bring the *bien aimee* Clara among us. We had not walked above a mile when the eager eyes of the foremost detected a cloud of dust upon the road at some distance; and, after a few minutes more, four posters were seen coming along at a tremendous rate. The next moment *she* was making the tour of about a dozen uncles, aunts, cousins, and cousines, none of whom, it appeared to me, felt it any peculiar desire to surrender the hearty embrace to the next kin in succession. At last she came to me, when, perhaps, in the confusion of the moment, not exactly remembering whether or not she had seen me before, she stood for a moment silent—a deep blush mantling her lovely cheek—masses of waving brown hair disordered and floating upon her shoulder—her large and liquid blue eyes beaming upon me. One look was enough. I was deeply—irretrievably in love.

"Our cousin Harry—Harry Lorrequer—wild Harry, as we used to call him, Clara," said one of the girls, introducing me.

She held out her hand, and said something with a smile. What, I know not—nor can I tell how I replied; but something absurd it must have been, for they all laughed heartily, and the worthy papa himself tapped my shoulder jestingly, adding,

"Never mind, Harry—you will do better one day, or I am much mistaken in you."

Whether I was conscious that I had behaved foolishly or not, I cannot say; but the whole of that night I thought over plans innumerable how I should succeed in putting myself forward before "Cousin Clara," and vindicating myself against any imputation of schoolboy mannerism that my first appearance might have caused.

The next day we remained at home. Clara was too much fatigued to walk out, and none of us would leave her. What a day of happiness that was! I knew something of music, and could sing a second. Clara was delighted at this, for the others had not cultivated singing much. We therefore spent the whole morning in this way. Then she produced her sketch book, and I brought out mine, and we had a mutual interchange of prisoners. What cutting out of leaves and detaching of rice-paper landscapes! Then she came out on the lawn to see my pony leap, and promised to ride him the following day. She patted the greyhounds, and said Gipsy, which was mine, was the prettiest. In a word, before night fell Clara had won my heart in its very fibre, and I went to my room the very happiest of mortals.

I need not chronicle my next three days—to me the most glorious "*trois jours*" of my life.—Clara had evidently singled me out and preferred me to all the rest. It was beside me she rode—upon my arm she leaned in walking—and, to *rumble* me with delight unutterable, I overheard her say to my uncle, "Oh, I dote upon poor Harry? And it is so pleasant, for I'm sure Mortimer will be jealous."

"And who is Mortimer?" thought I; "he is a character in the piece, of whom we have seen nothing."

I was not long in doubt upon this head, for that very day, at dinner, the identical Mortimer presented himself. He was a fine, dashing-looking, soldier-like fellow, of about thirty-five, with a heavy moustache, and a bronzed cheek—rather grave in his manner, but still perfectly good natured, and when he smiled showing a most handsome set of regular teeth. Clara seemed less pleased (I thought) at his coming than the others, and took pleasure in tormenting him by a thousand pettish and frivolous ways, which I was sorry for, as I thought he did not like it; and used to look half chidingly at her from time to time, but without any effect, for she just went on as before, and generally ended by taking my arm and saying, "Come away, Harry; you always are kind, and never look sulky. I can agree with you." These were delightful words for me to listen to, but I could not hear them without feeling for him, who evidently was pained by Clara's avowed preference for me; and whose years—for I thought thirty-five at that time a little verging upon the patriarchal!—entitled him to more respect.

"Well," thought I, one evening, as this game had been carried rather farther than usual, "I hope she is content now, for certainly Mortimer is jealous;" and the result proved it, for the whole of the following day he absented himself, and never came back till late in the evening.—He had been, I found, from a chance observation I overheard, at the bishop's palace, and the bishop himself, I learned was to breakfast with us in the morning.

"Harry, I have a commission for you," said Clara. "You must get up very early to-morrow, and climb the Cader mountain, and bring me a grand bouquet of the blue and purple heath that I liked so much the last time I was there.—Mind very early, for I intend to surprise the bishop to-morrow with my taste in a nosegay."

The sun had scarcely risen as I sprang from my bed, and started upon my errand. Oh! the glorious beauty of that morning's walk. As I climbed the mountain, the deep mists lay upon all around, and except the path I was treading, nothing was visible, but before I reached the top, the heavy masses of vapor were yielding to the influence of the sun; and as they rolled from the valley up the mountain sides, were every instant opening new glens and ravines beneath me—bright in all their verdure, and speckled with sheep, whose tinkling bells reached me even where I stood.

I counted above twenty lakes at different levels, below me; some brilliant, and shining like polished mirrors; others not less beautiful, dark and solemn with some mighty mountain shadow. As I looked landward, the mountains reared their huge crests, one above the other, to the farthest any eye could reach. Toward the opposite side, the broad and tranquil sea lay beneath me, bathed in the yellow gold of a rising sun; a few ships were peaceably lying at anchor in the bay; and the only thing in motion was a row boat, the heavy monotonous stroke of whose oars rose in the stillness of the morning air.—Not a single habitation of man could I descry, nor any vestige of a human being; except that mass of something upon the rock far down beneath be one, and I think it is, for I see the sheep dog ever returning again and again to the same spot.

My bouquet was gathered; the gentian of the Alps, which is found here, also contributing its evidence to show where I had been to seek it, and I turned home.

The family were at breakfast as I entered; at least so the servants said, for I only remembered then that the bishop was our guest, and that I could not present myself without some slight attention to my dress. I hastened to my room, and scarcely had I finished, when one of my cousins, a little girl of eight years, came to the door and said,

"Harry, come down; Clara wants you."

I rushed down stairs, and as I entered the breakfast parlor, stood still with surprise. The ladies were all dressed in white, and even my little cousin wore a gala of costume that amazed me.

"My bouquet, Harry I hope you have not forgotten it," said Clara, as I approached.

I presented it at once, when she gaily and coquettishly held out her hand for me to kiss.—This I did, my blood rushing to my face and temples the while, and almost depriving me of consciousness.

"Well, Clara, I am surprised at you," said Mortimer. "How can you treat the poor boy so?"

I grew deadly pale at these words, and, turning round, looked the speaker full in the face.—Poor fellow, thought I, he is jealous, and I am really grieved for him; and he turned again to Clara.

"Here it is—oh! how handsome, papa," said one of the younger children, running eagerly to the window, as a very pretty open carriage with four horses drew up before the house.

"The bishop has taste," I murmured to myself, scarcely deigning to give a second look at the equipage.

Clara now left the room, but speedily returned—her dress changed, and shawled as if for a walk. What could all this mean?—and the whispering, too, what is all that?—and why are they all so sad?—Clara has been weeping.

"God bless you, my child—good by," said my aunt, as she folded her in her arms for the third time.

"Good by, good by," I heard on every side. At length, approaching me, Clara, took my hand and said—

"My poor Harry, so we are going to part. I am going to Italy."

"To Italy, Clara! Oh! no—say no. Italy! I shall never see you again."

"Won't you wear this ring for me, Harry? It is an old favorite of yours—and when we meet again"——

"Oh! dearest Clara," I said, "do not speak thus."

"Good by, my poor boy, good by," said Clara, hurriedly; and, rushing out of the room, she was lifted by Mortimer into the carriage, who, immediately jumping in after her, the whip cracked, the horses clattered, and all was out of sight in a second.

"Where is she gone with him?" said I, respectfully turning toward my aunt.

"Why, my dear, a very sufficient reason. She was married this morning!"

This was my first love.

[This, we take it, is a fair example of man's first love; suppose, now, we go further and see if the following "Proposal" be equally true to nature.]

HARRY LORREQUER'S PROPOSAL.

On reaching Mrs. Bingham's apartments, we found that she had just left home to wait upon Mrs. O'Leary, and, consequently, that Miss Bingham was alone. Trevanion, therefore, having wished me a safe deliverance through my trying mission, shook my hand warmly and departed.

I stood for some minutes irresolutely, with my hand upon the lock of the door. To think that the next few moments may decide the fortune of one's after life, is a sufficiently anxious thought; but that your fate may be so decided, by compelling you to finish in sorrow what you have begun in folly, is still more insupportable! Such, then, was my condition. I had resolved within myself, that if the result of this meeting should prove that I had won Miss Bingham's affections, to propose for her at once in all form, and make her my wife. If, on the other hand, I only found that she, too, had amused herself with a little passing flirtation, why, then, I was now a free man once more; but, on catechising myself a little closer, also one somewhat disposed to make love *de novo.*

With the speed of lightning my mind ran over every passage of our acquaintance—our first meeting—our solitary walks—our daily, hourly associations—our travelling intimacy—the adventure of Chantraine. There was, it is true, nothing in all this which could establish the fact of wooing, but of every thing which should convince an old offender like myself that the young lady was "*en prise*," and that I myself—despite my really strong attachment elsewhere—was not entirely scathless.

"Yes," said I, half aloud, as I once more reviewed the past, "it is but another chapter in my history in keeping with all the rest—one step has ever led me to a second, and so on to a third; what with other men have passed for mere trifles, have ever with me become serious difficulties; and the false enthusiasm with which I follow any object in life, blinds me for the time,

DEATH OF MATHEW CAREY.

It is with much regret that we announce to our readers the death of the venerable Mathew Carey. He was a few days since thrown from a carriage by which he received a severe injury of the head, from which at the time thought dangerous, but it is supposed that the injuries he received may have aggravated the infirmities of his age, and thus hastened the close of his death. We copy the following deserved eulogium from the National Gazette.

A native of Ireland, he came to this country during the last century, and was engaged for many years as a printer and bookseller in Philadelphia, where he realized a ample fortune. During his business life, but particularly since his retirement from it, Mathew Carey has been one of the philanthropic persons. With a clear mind and a benevolent heart, a disposition to do good to his fellow men, and a determination to carry objects of reform and amelioration in society, which he had once undertaken, he accomplished more than all the recommended literature of the present day when the ostentation of philanthropy is the order of the day. As a writer he is remarkable for the concise array of facts which set forth the subject on which he wrote, and the logical reasoning by which they were presented to the public. Many of his writings were more than twenty years ago, and yet they are not obsolete. Many of the topics which he discussed then are presenting their novelty to the public mind.

At the Pat Chase Tavern, about six miles from Bangor, Maine, on Saturday, 1st inst., there were sold by public auction, averaging about three feet high, at 31 cents average price; and 1,000 trees not sold at that price, were bought in at 25 cents. Since that they have sold from 40 to 75. Roots have sold as high as $1.20.

To Silk Producers.—The Royal Assembly of Piedmont at Turin, has offered a premium of 500 dollars to the first person who shall in the course of the year 1839, have reeled 50 lbs. of silk produce in the island of Cuba, two hundred miles from the United States.

Morus Multicaulis.—One hundred Morus Multicaulis Trees were sold in this city the past week for one hundred dollars.—*Saturday Evening Reg.*

A resolution has been introduced into the Council at Richmond, to inquire into the expediency of cultivating Mulberries on some waste grounds near the Poor House, with a view to employ its inmates in the production of raw silk, &c.

Practical Silk Culture.—Mr. Thomas White, of Mount Holly, has sent to this city some manufactured velvet from native silk. He is a want of silk of 6 to 10 threads. His price for cocoons is $4 a bushel. Fine goods of silk will, he says, increase the profit so much that a pound of raw silk will be worth $25.

Series of Morus Multicaulis Trees.—The following sales of trees have been made within the last two weeks, viz: 90,000 in East Hartford, at 20 cents a tree; 50,000 in Weathersfield, at 25 cents; 12,000 in Glastenbury, at 40 cents; 2000 in Berlin at 37½ cents; and a gentleman in Middletown has paid 62 cents a piece for 1000.

We learn that about 300,000 have actually been sold this season in the vicinity of Hartford. Of these 70,000 have been sold to go to Pennsylvania; 50,000 to Michigan; 30,000 to New Jersey; 30,000 to Massachusetts, and 10,000 to New York.—*Hartford Courant.*

Splendid Morus Multicaulis.—Among the curiosities exhibited by the Horticultural Society at the Hall, we saw a splendid specimen of the genuine Morus Multicaulis, raised by Mr. Jacob Haines, of the poor house in Gloucester, Camden. The tree exhibited is about nine feet high, full of immense side branches, and was taken from a field of 60,000 trees of nearly similar size, which were planted by Mr. Haines part of April last. To those persons who have never seen the Multicaulis in full growth, the tree we have alluded to will be a curiosity. The entrance of the plant, when raised in a suitable soil. Such a tree will at this time of year, if planted, one pound of leaves, which may be given with equal success to the silk worm as the young sprigs now selected for that purpose. Another tree of the Multicaulis, of the same size, will double the quantity of leaves, and a great addition may be made to the crop.

The Dioramas in season street, representing the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt, will close positively on Monday.

THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION

The exhibition of the Horticultural Society during the past week at the Philadelphia Museum, in Chestnut street above the Hall was elegantly decorated with columns, arches and pyramids of flowers. The plants were tastily arranged along the centre of the Hall upon scores of tables, and presented a most beautiful appearance to the eye in every variety of aspect the richest and rarest plants, shrubbery and flowers. The most tempting luscious fruits were scattered around in seemingly reckless profusion, and we saw more than one fair daughter of Eve looking as if she could pluck it bought forbidden. Of the dahlias, we think that those from Hirst & Dreer carried off the palm. There was a delicate pink one upon the stand of which we forgot the name, and a splendid yellow one, the largest we have seen in every variety, and some of the largest and richest noises that we ever beheld. The display of pears was one of the finest. Vegetables of all sizes and kinds were arranged around the Hall, among which we noticed a squash which weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. To do justice to the exhibition would require several columns. The society has fully proved that it is a good thing, and the happiest results may be anticipated from its future exertions.

The exhibition will be continued throughout to-day and evening.

Extract of a letter to the publisher, dated Mobile, Sept. 11, 1839.

I trust I may be spared to read your interesting account hereafter, but I much weighted for the mortality by yellow is awful—the city is almost depopulated by death and desertion to other—a number of nearly 4 weeks failed to bring its usual beneficial results, and now a chilling "norther" by the sudden change of temperature increases the sickness, although as yet the cases are becoming less malignant—the ravages of the disease thus far have been virulent beyond precedent, as far as the closest observation can determine. The number of deaths average now about twenty daily, while the white city population cannot exceed 2000, and the coloured 3000—we can not be either agreeable or interesting news to you.

THE CREW OF THE AMISTAD.

The case of these unfortunate blacks seems to increase in interest from week to week—and their case will be tried before the United States Court for the District of Connecticut, which commences its session on the 23d inst. They are to be counselled on all hands, since the matter has become more thoroughly understood, that they cannot be tried as pirates, but since they have been claimed by the Spanish Government through the Consul, their fate, should the demand be acceded to, could not be expected to be less severe than that of slavery for life, and to save them, and nothing but the clearest proof, that the Government of Spain is entitled to them will induce our people to consent to it.

Selling aside the more technical right of the Government of Spain which may arise under the treaty between that power and this, the strong claims which they possess upon the humanity of their friends, will not be disregarded. There never has been a case more presented, bearing upon the abstract right of holding men in bond-age, in which less of the prejudices of the question who offer as this question should mingle. Yet we see that many papers will not seem to consider it as in some way connected with Southern interest. No folly can be more lamentably gross. It is altogether a mistake on the part of our Southern friends, to make a cry question which either intimately or remotely bears upon the freedom of the black, an occasion of sounding an alarm. The country is sufficiently agitated by questions which legitimately bear upon southern and northern interest, without engaging in by the loud and harsh outcries totally foreign, separate and distinct. As for ourselves, we shall await the light which the investigation judicially may afford. We know that the cause of humanity is there is one thing *officially* as well as wisdom, and amid the multiplicity of statistics, it is difficult to obtain even a glimpse of truth as it is.

LITERATURE.

Opinions of Lord Brougham on Politics, Law, &c. Edinburgh: Fox & Howe. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

These volumes are made up of extracts from the speeches and writings of Lord Brougham, and are prefaced by a long sketch of his character. They are valuable as far as they unfold the early history and opinions of this great statesman, and they will doubtless be extensively sought after.

"The Gift for 1840"—Edited by Miss Leslie, Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

This beautiful annual is already published—splendidly embellished, and of literary contents of a high character. The engravings, with a single exception, are by American artists, and several of them are from Sully's pencil. Mount, and several others are from distinguished artists. We cannot suffer the occasion to pass without expressing our admiration of the engraving of "The Ghost Book," by Mr. G. H. Cuseger, a young artist whose genius has not been appreciated but by a few. We had the pleasure of viewing the original, and we think that the engraving is not sufficiently dark to embody the conception of the master. It lacks the terror, with which the original piece is clothed.

The contributors are Messrs. Walsh, Park Benjamin, Fox, Neal, Hoffman, Mrs. Miss Louisa Lee, Gould, Whiteman, Bosch-ler, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Lockery, and others whose names we have not seen. The editorials, by far, say of its predecessors, and reflects high credit upon the editor and publishers.

The poem of Onion translated by James Mac-Farren, Esq., to which are added a life of the Translator, and Critical Notices of Burns. By Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.

This is a beautiful edition of the poems of Onion and contains some valuable documentary evidence, which sheds some light upon the times, and the literary men of the age. We are informed about the authenticity of the poems. It is a work much needed in American libraries, and we have no hesitation in saying that but few works are issued in this country of which the letter-press is more superior.

There can be but little doubt, however, at the date, that Onion was the author of the most of the poems, and that his travels among the Highlands brought within his reach the scraps of poetry which had lost it was to their credit in the Gaelic bard. At the same time it cannot be supposed, that the thoughts were in all cases original with Onion, for he was a great scholar and a deep student, and in the construction of these legendary scraps so ingeniously with his own composition, that the critic is confounded, and cannot discover where it would be safe to venture to separate the wheat from the chaff. Perhaps nothing ever made a greater noise in the literary world, than the first appearance of these poems, and they certainly seem to be the present day, a subject of much speculation with the scholar. We commend this elegant edition to the notice of our readers.

The New York Directory for the present year, is said to contain 28,800 names, and it is a singular circumstance that of this large number, about one twelfth of the whole are comprised in eight words of four names. A correspondent of the New York Gazette, who has counted the most numerous names in the Directory thus obtains the result:

Smith 572; Brown 376; Clark 192; Williams 155; Taylor 154; Johnson 151; Miller 149; Jones 145; Brown 136; Wilson 128; Evans 122; Thompson 120; Wood 118; Davis 113; Martin 111; Wilson 111; Hall 102;—Total, 2744.

The Philadelphia Directory, for the City and Liberties, exclusive of the towns, names which may be considered part of the suburbs, contains, upward of 36,000. Of the above more common names selected by the New York Gazette, the number in Philadelphia is as follows, the aggregate even exceeding that in the former city:

Smith 1,151; Brown 1,000; Clark 1,000; Williams 195; Taylor 160; Johnson 206; Miller 200; Moore 199; Jones 180; Thompson 150; White 149; Wood 148; Davis 146; Martin 105; Wilson 169; Hall 69;—Total,—2821.

TITLE OF NOBILITY.

On Tuesday last, says the United State Gazette, gentlemen of this state dined one hounded and fifty-two years after the first dinner was given in honor of the city, and informed him that he had recently arrived from Ireland; that previous to his departure he had been requested to take charge of a large mahogany box without fastening, and leave it and its contents with the Mayor of Philadelphia, to be retained by him until called for by the gentleman to whom it was addressed. The Mayor, having taken cognizance of the contents of the box, received it in charge of the Lord-keeper, yesterday, in the Mayor's room, and saw the box. It contained a splendid massive silver waiter, twenty-one inches in diameter, with highly ornamental engravings in the centre of the magnificent piece, is the following inscription, beautifully engraved:—

"To Presidents of Philadelphia Allen, Esq. of Pittsburgh, United States, formerly of Litterkinny, Ireland, by his creditors, as a testimonial of their high esteem of his upright and honorable conduct in paying in full the balance of their accounts, although previously discharged from all legal obligations.

Signed in behalf of the creditors at large,
Belfast, April 1839. JOHN MCCLEERY.

CONVENIENT.

Our readers will perceive from the following statement which has been made by the New York Sun, that publishers must be sometimes put to their wits end, when favored with letters containing money. We have often seen the same thing in the same manner. It is a matter which should be remedied. There are 17 counties and 120 post towns in the United States, bearing the name of "Franklin," and 9 other towns with "ville" or other *finale* attached to the name; and in the event the cases are becoming less malignant—the ravages of the disease thus far have been virulent beyond precedent, as far as the closest observation can determine. The number of the deaths average now about twenty daily, while the white city population cannot exceed 2000, and the coloured 3000—we can not be either agreeable or interesting news to you.

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Atkinson's Evening Post
Philadelphia Saturday News

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE W. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to E. C. Atkinson Publisher.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1839.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

All post letters—If $3 paid in advance—$3.50 in advance for the first year.
The weekly "Post" of three sheets—$2 in advance.
The weekly "Post" of four sheets—$2.50 in advance.
The "Saturday News" of one sheet—$1 in advance.
Subscriptions will be received only for the period with their names it is desired to commence.
Letter letters will not be taken from the Post-office unless the postage is paid.
Subscriptions will be received only at the end of the current half year's subscription, but not at the end of the year, unless by the consent of the publisher.
Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscriptions.
Subscribers will please to write their names, and the name of the nearest Post-office, in a distinct manner, to prevent mistakes

PICTURE OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

Jail Delivery—The annihilation of the Court of Criminal Sessions, for the present term, has in all probability consigned the discharge, upon two or three persons, of all the persons who, on the charge of offences.—*Am. Sent.*

Serious Accident from Intemperance—John *Serious Accident from Intemperance*—John Sprout, wife of Mrs. Hannah Sprout, boarding-keeper, Sixth and Brown street, while in a state of intoxication, wounded a gentleman who was standing on the Exchange Reading Room, he had his pocket-book picked from his coat-tail pocket, and drafts will of course, be of no use to the pickpocket gentleman, and it is to be hoped he will detect the imposition.—*Sylvester & Co.'s Daily Reporter.*

Philadelphia Manufactures take the lead. Mr. Baldwin, of this city, has received the contract for building the locomotive engines. It is but little more than Mr. Baldwin should get, for the superiority of Philadelphia mechanics.

The Hungarian Question—We regret to hear, by the Caledonia of their published reply to the recent attack made upon them in the Democratic Standard," these gentlemen have been arrested, and held to bail in the sum of two thousand dollars. It strikes us that there was something extremely cowardly in the original publication of the vulgar attack, something very repugnant to the spirit of the times, that met with such a rebuke from the papers under arrest, for defending their fame.—*Keystone.*

Golden Age—The present must be a time of peculiar suffer much detriment, if these days are to be so denominated. Not a day has passed or proceeded for black mail, in the way of bonus for being let alone, or for liberal inducement to stay away.—*Phila. Gazette.*

Horrible—A night or two since, one of the Police officers in the Third Ward found a boy seated with his wife during the night, and resolved to do it in the morning. The boy was punished by eight lashes on the bare posterior, with that accursed instrument of torture, a medical man who sat back after the infliction, says that it was literally torn to pieces. The boy was but eight years old.

Barrier Indicted—A case came under the cognizance of the Grand Jury yesterday, in which a young apothecary of this city by I sold quantities of laudanum instead of paregoric to a child, was indicted for manslaughter. The jury, however, after consulting near Paintyard, and who unwittingly administered it to their child, and returned a verdict of not guilty. The young man was accordingly arrested and held to bail before Mayor Roach. As the case took place in the private room, we could not ascertain many particulars; these, however, are stated.—*Public Ledger.*

Amusing Incident—William Alexander *Amusing Incident*—William Alexander *Somerfield*—Myers was brought before Mr. Roach, yesterday and committed, on the charge of having, on the 4th inst., passing counterfeit notes upon the Bank of the Northern Liberties, amounting to upwards of forty or sixty dollars, only, in those notes, were of the denomination of ten dollars. They attempted to pass them off at one or two tailoring establishments in Market street.

Fire—On Saturday afternoon two young entered the store of Mr. Wm. Berns, and asked for a pair of boots, for one of them, and then gave him a counterfeit ten dollar bill on the Bank of the Northern Liberties. He left a young man in the store while he went to the Bank of Penn Township to get change, and it to be a counterfeit. During his absence of the young man who had left the note to see before George Giles, Esq. where he could get the same as William Thompson, afterward said it must be counterfeit, and the name.—*Ledger.*

Mean Case—In the course of last Sunday night, a young man, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, accidentally fell from the window sill from the fourth story window of house at the N. W. corner of Third and Market streets and was killed. The fall was not rather late, and is supposed to have been occasioned by the fact of his not seeing the doorway of the window. Holt was engaged in the service of the Philadelphia Bible, immediately under the building referred to, and upon them information was given to the coroner. Drs. Rush and McClellan were immediately summoned, and attended with every care. The former there are very getting over the effects of the wounded man, but he is insensible, and it is feared that he will not recover. He resides with his parents at a lake hour on Monday afternoon.—*Ledger.*

Farmer's Inquest—A man named Yackley, 43 years of age, in a weak and emaciated condition, came to his death in Moyamensing, on Monday evening, and died suddenly. On Tuesday evening, it being unknown, the corpse was called, and an inquest held, the body of Mr. Yackley, when it was found to be his death, he said he had a wife and family in Philadelphia; but he did not know that his body will be kept at the Green Room a few days.—*Ledger.*

Horrid Seizures—We learn that a person in the employ of some of the extensive importers of the recent seizures of smuggled goods, has made a full and complete disclosure of the important testimony as connected with the affair, stating as well the names of the principal actors, number of individuals, and involves a large sum of property.

Fire—Wm. Williams and Chas. Brady were taken before Alderman Shandler on Monday morning, charged with setting fire with burning cabbage in Washington Hall, on Saturday night, and committing surety and no home. The owner of the cabbage being known, the Alderman, to save the trouble of carting it home, ordered it to be given to him without trial.

Early Frost.—Accounts from Frankford, say that there was very heavy frost on Saturday last; great fears are entertained that the potatoes will be much damaged by it.

Burning.—A child in Juniata county, Pa. left in the kitchen, reached to get a coal from the kitchen coal, and falling plunged it up to the body in the tempting coal.—*Ledger.*

Slate Lots.—We learn that the United States Court has decided that the Slate Lots claimed by the last legislature of $2,054,000 in the Delaware opposite Kensington, and sold by the Berks county Bank.—*Penn.*

Marshall College.—The annual commencement of Marshall College, Mercersburg, will be celebrated on the 24th inst. The address before the literary societies of that college is to be delivered by Joseph R. Chandler, Esq.

Iron Rail—A fact for the Temperance Men.—The Monday morning train of cars, after the completion of her hull *without a drop* of liquor of any kind, and without the knowledge or assistance of any of the hands employed on her, or on the ship yard. Let the fact be noted, since this is the first time that the boat's nozzle has been laid down the ways into the water, crackling and foaming with Old Monongahela.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

"It was out of the question," he said, "for a man to go into the world of business sober."

With this very pardonable exception, we think the Temperance cause is progressing.—*Pittsburg Advocate.*

It is stated that we have no more convicts in the Penitentiary than there were when the present institution has increased fifty per cent.

Northern Claim.—If Nehemiah Newman Norwood, of Newman, Milton, Pa. he will receive the information he requested from the war department dated 30th September, 1783, for three months' service in the Revolutionary War, in the 3d Pennsylvania Regiment. Also an order for Timothy Packwood, for service, for the duration of 100 acres, to be land. This is dated January, 1796.—*Millenium.*

NEW YORK.

Size of Oats—Specimens of thousand six hundred ninety-four, being an increase of about per cent. per annum, since the census of

Large Corn Powder Accident.—The Cherry Valley Gazette says—We learn that a young man by the name of Peter Sommers, Jr. of the town of Hartwick, was severely injured on the 27th from the iron bit him on his pantaloons, which he had on, which had a pound of powder, hand through two of three thickness of cloth, then reached the powder, which ignited. The young man is most shockingly burned. Some hopes are yet entertained of recovery.

Deaths last week.—The number of deaths in New York last week was 467. Of these 33 were of old age; 37 boys and 34 girls. Of the number 30 died of consumption; 24 of dysentery; 14 of diarrhœa; 8 of convulsions; 7 of scarlet fever.

Scalded to Death.—A child 4 years of age, named Daniel P. Halsted, residing in N. York, fell into a kettle of water on the 3d instant, afternoon, during the absence of the servant and was scalded to death.

The Life Boat of the Roxbury India Rubber Company when tested at New York bore the weight of fifty soldiers and a six pound field piece with great ease, while the firing of the gun had no perceptible effect upon the boat. The experiment showed its fitness for the purpose for which it was constructed.

Jail in June is to be too late.—On Monday forenoon, to Mr. E. B. Peck, of the firm of Thomas Peck & Brothers, that he must see his clerk in the Exchange Reading Room, he had his pocket-book picked from his coat-tail pocket, and drafts will of course, be of no use to the pickpocket gentleman, and it is to be hoped he will detect the imposition.—*Sylvester & Co.'s Daily Reporter.*

Philadelphia Manufactures take the lead. Mr. Baldwin, of this city, has received the contract for building the locomotive engines. It is but little more than Mr. Baldwin should get, for the superiority of Philadelphia mechanics.

The Hungarian Question—We regret to hear, by the Caledonia of their published reply to the recent attack made upon them in the Democratic Standard," these gentlemen have been arrested, and held to bail in the sum of two thousand dollars. It strikes us that there was something extremely cowardly in the original publication of the vulgar attack, something very repugnant to the spirit of the times, that met with such a rebuke from the papers under arrest, for defending their fame.—*Keystone.*

Golden Age—The present must be a time of peculiar suffer much detriment, if these days are to be so denominated. Not a day has passed or proceeded for black mail, in the way of bonus for being let alone, or for liberal inducement to stay away.—*Phila. Gazette.*

Horrible—A night or two since, one of the Police officers in the Third Ward found a boy seated with his wife during the night, and resolved to do it in the morning. The boy was punished by eight lashes on the bare posterior, with that accursed instrument of torture, a medical man who sat back after the infliction, says that it was literally torn to pieces. The boy was but eight years old.

Barrier Indicted—A case came under the cognizance of the Grand Jury yesterday, in which a young apothecary of this city by I sold quantities of laudanum instead of paregoric to a child, was indicted for manslaughter. The jury, however, after consulting near Paintyard, and who unwittingly administered it to their child, and returned a verdict of not guilty. The young man was accordingly arrested and held to bail before Mayor Roach. As the case took place in the private room, we could not ascertain many particulars; these, however, are stated.—*Public Ledger.*

Amusing Incident—William Alexander *Amusing Incident*—William Alexander *Somerfield*—Myers was brought before Mr. Roach, yesterday and committed, on the charge of having, on the 4th inst., passing counterfeit notes upon the Bank of the Northern Liberties, amounting to upwards of forty or sixty dollars, only, in those notes, were of the denomination of ten dollars. They attempted to pass them off at one or two tailoring establishments in Market street.

Fire—On Saturday afternoon two young entered the store of Mr. Wm. Berns, and asked for a pair of boots, for one of them, and then gave him a counterfeit ten dollar bill on the Bank of the Northern Liberties. He left a young man in the store while he went to the Bank of Penn Township to get change, and it to be a counterfeit. During his absence of the young man who had left the note to see before George Giles, Esq. where he could get the same as William Thompson, afterward said it must be counterfeit, and the name.—*Ledger.*

Mean Case—In the course of last Sunday night, a young man, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, accidentally fell from the window sill from the fourth story window of house at the N. W. corner of Third and Market streets and was killed. The fall was not rather late, and is supposed to have been occasioned by the fact of his not seeing the doorway of the window. Holt was engaged in the service of the Philadelphia Bible, immediately under the building referred to, and upon them information was given to the coroner. Drs. Rush and McClellan were immediately summoned, and attended with every care. The former there are very getting over the effects of the wounded man, but he is insensible, and it is feared that he will not recover. He resides with his parents at a lake hour on Monday afternoon.—*Ledger.*

Farmer's Inquest—A man named Yackley, 43 years of age, in a weak and emaciated condition, came to his death in Moyamensing, on Monday evening, and died suddenly. On Tuesday evening, it being unknown, the corpse was called, and an inquest held, the body of Mr. Yackley, when it was found to be his death, he said he had a wife and family in Philadelphia; but he did not know that his body will be kept at the Green Room a few days.—*Ledger.*

Horrid Seizures—We learn that a person in the employ of some of the extensive importers of the recent seizures of smuggled goods, has made a full and complete disclosure of the important testimony as connected with the affair, stating as well the names of the principal actors, number of individuals, and involves a large sum of property.

Fire—Wm. Williams and Chas. Brady were taken before Alderman Shandler on Monday morning, charged with setting fire with burning cabbage in Washington Hall, on Saturday night, and committing surety and no home. The owner of the cabbage being known, the Alderman, to save the trouble of carting it home, ordered it to be given to him without trial.

Early Frost.—Accounts from Frankford, say that there was very heavy frost on Saturday last; great fears are entertained that the potatoes will be much damaged by it.

Burning.—A child in Juniata county, Pa. left in the kitchen, reached to get a coal from the kitchen coal, and falling plunged it up to the body in the tempting coal.—*Ledger.*

Slate Lots.—We learn that the United States Court has decided that the Slate Lots claimed by the last legislature of $2,054,000 in the Delaware opposite Kensington, and sold by the Berks county Bank.—*Penn.*

Marshall College.—The annual commencement of Marshall College, Mercersburg, will be celebrated on the 24th inst. The address before the literary societies of that college is to be delivered by Joseph R. Chandler, Esq.

Iron Rail—A fact for the Temperance Men.—The Monday morning train of cars, after the completion of her hull *without a drop* of liquor of any kind, and without the knowledge or assistance of any of the hands employed on her, or on the ship yard. Let the fact be noted, since this is the first time that the boat's nozzle has been laid down the ways into the water, crackling and foaming with Old Monongahela.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

"It was out of the question," he said, "for a man to go into the world of business sober."

With this very pardonable exception, we think the Temperance cause is progressing.—*Pittsburg Advocate.*

It is stated that we have no more convicts in the Penitentiary than there were when the present institution has increased fifty per cent.

Northern Claim.—If Nehemiah Newman Norwood, of Newman, Milton, Pa. he will receive the information he requested from the war department dated 30th September, 1783, for three months' service in the Revolutionary War, in the 3d Pennsylvania Regiment. Also an order for Timothy Packwood, for service, for the duration of 100 acres, to be land. This is dated January, 1796.—*Millenium.*

NEW YORK.

Size of Oats—Specimens of thousand six hundred ninety-four, being an increase of about per cent. per annum, since the census of

Large Corn Powder Accident.—The Cherry Valley Gazette says—We learn that a young man by the name of Peter Sommers, Jr. of the town of Hartwick, was severely injured on the 27th from the iron bit him on his pantaloons, which he had on, which had a pound of powder, hand through two of three thickness of cloth, then reached the powder, which ignited. The young man is most shockingly burned. Some hopes are yet entertained of recovery.

Deaths last week.—The number of deaths in New York last week was 467. Of these 33 were of old age; 37 boys and 34 girls. Of the number 30 died of consumption; 24 of dysentery; 14 of diarrhœa; 8 of convulsions; 7 of scarlet fever.

Look to your Goods.—The merchants of Chillicothe complain most bitterly of the knavery that has been practised upon them during the line of the Erie or Ohio canals. Many packages of goods have been opened, and pieces purloined. Some of the merchants of Buffalo are aware of this, and have all their boxes hooped, to guard against depredations.

A Man and a Hat.—Three robbers attempted to break into a store at St. Louis recently. They became alarmed by hearing a noise made by the clerks inside, one of whom, as the party retreated, fired at and shot one of the robbers, who is now lying at the hospital in that city, not expected to recover.

The Death of a Robber.—The St. Louis Bulletin says—We made known to our readers that the individual who was shot at Mr. Henderson's store by the night watch, died at the hospital yesterday evening. His name, according to his own account, was James Monks, but he has been recognised by several persons as Piet Hall, of Jefferson county, Missouri.

The Whent Crop Wet.—The Michigan City Register says, in La Porte county, as a general thing, the wheat is not more than half secured, and better cannot be found. A similar report comes from Milwaukie and the rest of the husbandman in Wisconsin, but owing to the great scarcity of field hands, a vast deal will remain unharvested. In some parts of the country they are able to cut the grain, but having no help to bind it, are compelled to leave it standing if cut and getting it in market, have stacked it in the field.

Selling Liquor on the Sabbath.—The authorities of St. Louis, Missouri, appear determined to put down the sale of liquor on the Sabbath, and the 31 instant imposed fines of from fifty to $25 on a number of persons, for violating the law on that subject. The City Council of St. Louis have also imposed a tax on the business of retailers of ardent spirits, coffee houses and taverns, of $200 a year, which will bear heavy on the small dealers, will raise the whole cost of a license to $444. The, the St. Louis Republican recognised by several persons as Piet Hall, of Jefferson county, Missouri.

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Sudden Death—Mr. Hannah De Long died at Monroe, Muskingum, on the 20th ult. aged 119 years! She was resided at Monroe 20 years.

A Comet.—We copy the following paragraph from the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald: "A beautiful comet may now be seen in the heavens in the West just after sunset. It may be easily found, being considerably brighter than the planet Jupiter. Its brilliancy much exceeds that of any Comet heretofore seen.

A correspondent of the Iowa, Patriot, in some very interesting sketches of Iowa, says, "the Indians in the vicinity of the land, are dancing before the type of the white man, the Hoo!"

SOUTHERN.

Twenty-five miles of the Mississippi and Pear River railroad were finished on the 31st ult. and the cars commenced running that distance on the 1st instant. A splendid locomotive is built at Natchez for the depot. It is two stories high, and will draw 60 tons 30 miles per hour. It is also a machine shop, which is two stories in height, 30 feet deep by 40 front, with a wing one story high, 85 feet front by 34 deep.

Railroad Accident.—On Thursday night last, as the cars of the Lexington railroad were attached, was proceeding on the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, at the rate of nine miles an hour, it was thrown off the track, and one of the passengers was killed on the spot, and others. The other locomotive was immediately sent off from Richmond, and arrived at the spot but half an hour after the accident which gave any thing but a comic inclination to the denouement. Mrs. Coad, who lived in Hall's Hill, Pitcher, in passing cost of the wings to go on to Mrs. Coad's house, and the hall light. A tenement of air blew her dress, which was of gauze, against the gas jet. The dress caught in the centre of the stage, her whole dress was destroyed in a few flashes. The alarm was given and screamed, and a man in the gallery called out "knock her down and smother her." A gentleman who was near her did so, but ere they could reach her she had fainted. The person who knocked her down, instead of with little other injury to the lady, who is a widow, and has a child under the age of ten.—*New York Times.*

A rope-walk at Montreal, 2000 feet long, belonging to Mr. Cameron, of Quebec, (N. Y.) was destroyed by fire on the 10th inst. to the short space of 20 minutes.

EASTERN.

Work Suspended.—The Boston Mercantile Journal says that between two and three hundred of the mechanics and laborers at the Navy Yard in Charlestown have been discharged from operations connected with the yard.

Melancholy Accident.—We learn from the Portland Advertiser, that on Thursday last a party of young people, consisting of two boys, about 14 years old, and six girls of about the same age with another of mature of the children, went on a pleasure excursion to the islands. They proceeded to Peak's island in a small boat, and as the boys with two of the girls were passing to the east end of the island, the boat filled, and instantly most and the four children were thrown into the water. The weight of the girls clung to the side of the boat for about three quarters of an hour, when it also was upset, by another boat, which happened to pass that way; the other girl, whose name was Prentiss, about 14 years old was drowned. She was taken from the water at the same time the other girl was, having been supported by her clothes for her clothes. The boys reached the shore in safety.

Fire at Gloucester.—The Cape Ann *Collector*.—Col. Beach, late Collector of Gloucester, (Mass.) was examined before Judge Davis on Friday last, on the charge of having in his hands the public receipt for bounty money. The witnesses were Messrs. Low and Parsons, who acknowledged that they had quarrelled with him, generally about the Fish Bounty, and that there was a spite in the case, and the Judge, without argument, ordered the defendant to find bail in $1000.

Another of the Africans, called Bostah, died on Wednesday morning last in the jail at New Haven. He was the last of the number of the Africans who died since they left Havana.

Fit for the Penitentiary.—A man *Nobody Good.*—Nantasket Beach is covered with thousands of dead fish, which have been driven ashore by the deep sea, and now constantly drifting in with every tide. The farmers there are busy getting in the manure of this wonderful work of the world.

Black Hornets.—The Fall River Patriot of the 12th inst. has the following account of a singular phenomenon:

Night before last the hearers presented a very unusual appearance. It was a clear starlight night, and the sky appeared to be on fire in the southwest, and northeast directly opposite each other. The fire in the southwest was by supposed to be a column of smoke, but it soon appeared to be in motion, and commenced to rise and varied their position in the usual way, only that they would rise and fall together, and not as stars over which they passed. They stretched away from the opposite columns, so that about the middle of the heavens they met in the east. We never before have seen or heard of a black hornet flying by night.

A Big One.—Mr. John L. Blake, of Springfield, Mass. has a white birch on Main River last week, which weighed nine and a quarter pounds; and measured two feet ten inches and a half in length. It was cut in two in the middle, and by all odds "that we have ever known taken from the woods."—*Springfield Gaz.*

The Rhode Island Bank.—From July 5th to September 3d of this year, the specie in the bank has been increased near *five millions*, and the circulation decreased *six and a half millions.*

Fire from Lightning.—Albert Bartlett, son of the Hon. John Tenney, of Methuen, was killed by lightning on the 4th inst. He was standed by her little brother, on the bank of the Soguet river, on the 31st ult. fell into the water and was drowned. Her brother ran home and communicated the distressing intelligence before any effort had been made to save her life to render assistance. The water was drawn off from the mill, and the little girl was found grasping a root at the bottom of the river—which at midnight on the 3d the first time she went down, and never rose again.

An editor in writing an article upon some recent earthquake, observes that "these facts lead to the conclusion, that" the latter has such a relation to the former as cause and effect. It is our pleasure to see this paragraph, doubly charged with lead as it is, and to cast in our mite, that "the latter" is the best way to end a *lead*-ed leader, for its readers usually get enough of *lead* in it, though they might get *heavy* over it.—*Bost. Times.*

WESTERN.

Water Lilies in the West.—The editor of the Peoria (Ill. Register has left on his table some water lilies which grow in that quarter. He says they grow on the Illinois bottoms, some times as deep as ten feet, presenting a smooth surface on the top of the water, except where there is a large circular leaf, often two feet in diameter, but unlike and fully as large as any Lily-pad ever seen in the eastern States. The great grandmothers. From the centre of this leaf rises a stalk six or eight inches in height, supporting a splendid flower, of a light orange color, and some of the petals three inches or more in length.

Murder.—A wanton and aggravated murder was committed in the town of Lorain, Ohio, on the 6th inst. on a respectable citizen, named Henderson by the name of Wm. Monday, and Thomas Calkins, made some playful remark to some persons who were quarrelling in front of a grog shop, when Monday, one of them, named John James, dealt him a blow on the head with a club, which caused his death in a few hours. Monday escaped, but after the apprehension of the murderer.

Singular Case.—Mrs. Stone, of Louisville, (Ky.) recently left her child upon the floor while she went for a bucket of water. During a moment's absence she saw a dog running across the street, dragging the child by the head. It was rescued without any serious injury, but not without difficulty, as the animal seemed loth to relinquish its prey.—*Cin. Gaz.*

The total loss by the late fire at St. Louis is estimated at 120,000 dollars. The remains of the persons killed by the falling of the gable end of one of the buildings were followed to the grave by the entire population of the city.

The U. S. Ship Pennsylvania.—We have been permitted to copy the following extract of a letter from an officer of the U. S. Navy, dated on board the ship Brandywine, to a gentleman in this city, dated Norfolk, Aug. 25, 1839.

"The noble line-of-battle ship Pennsylvania, which would have done so much credit steps, is ordered to be stripped and laid up here, after having been ready for sea or nearly so. She is having her repairs after the expiration of require more or less, now has, then it had ten years where somebody else built one.—*Norfolk Beacon.*

The number of deaths at Mobile (had well) here days previous to the 21 inst. had a decrease of 1 per cent.

Fire in Natchez, (Miss.)—A fire broke out at Natchez, Miss. on the morning of the 5th instant, which destroyed a number of warehouses and dwellings, together with a great quantity of cotton and other merchandize. The loss is estimated at about $100 000, a small portion only of which is insured.

Homicide.—Mr. Farrar, of Madison co. Miss. was deliberately shot about a week ago, by an individual named King, who claimed a negro in possession of Farrar, as his property. The murderer has escaped.

The New Orleans Picayune of the eighth says, "Not a clearing sentence, nor a word of bad language to disturb the peace. Fine weather, but still un-paring in its attacks, and deadly in its influence—citizens and negroes."

Incendiarism in Arkansas.—A letter to the Gazette Journal, from Batesville, Arkansas, dated the 27th ultimo says "Incendiarism still prevails in Washington county, Arkansas, relative to the murderer of Wright's family. The three men who were hung for the murder by the populace it is thought were innocent, and many others are resting upon the head of an individual who was shot by the Lynchers at the time of their execution. A man by the name of Wallace, residing in Fayetteville, named Jennings, Pickering, and Kingston, were instantly crushed to death. On the same day a man named Samuel Davies, at work near Leydon Spout, on the railroad, was knocked from the ledge on which he was standing by a large portion of chalk becoming suddenly detached, and falling over the ledge, was dashed to pieces.—*Maidstone (Eng.) Journal.*

PHILADELPHIA.

The Baltimore American has a clever chapter on economy. The editor argues that they may in some measure be considered as indicative of the peculiar character and temperament of the several communities from which they spring. He describes newspapers as the genuine growth of the times, springing up out of the wants, feelings and habits of society. Of Philadelphia, he says:

"Come next to the beautiful city near the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill. We breathe another atmosphere; the pulse subsides from its quick and hurried beating. One can survey the outspread sheet with calmness, and read it without haste. It is not a paper for your safety, lest you be aroused off the breakfast or parlor table the gaiter. You are among countrymen and gentlemanly people. Yet there is a heaviness about the whole, a creeping liveliness contrasting somewhat with the staid composure of the general air, and giving the German sausage, the Dutch cheese, pickles and drab coats were to be seen more profusely in the streets ten years ago than now. You will also come to another conclusion, viz.—that the Philadelphia people are not overburdened with the profound conviction that their fine city is the world, and that the world is only as they as Philadelphians, do excel all other people in the world. They are not to be found in such large numbers." If any thing good is discovered elsewhere, they can give birth to something better. They are content to be second to the world, and to cherish to the setting of a curb stone: in all the manufactures from the construction of a locomotive to the making of ice creams; and in the production of all the fine arts, pertaining to civilized life. They have the best collections of curiosities in their museums and of fresh lustre in their markets; the best schools both for medical science and literature; the cleanest of streets and the prettiest of women.

Now it must be confessed that in all these particulars, Philadelphia is not to be found in such large numbers as she ought to be. Such a work as Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America, would not have all been written in Philadelphia, do excel all other people so much as the Quakers.

In the corp of New York, on Friday morning, after a lingering illness, Anna Louisa, wife of Walter Peacey.

On the 15th inst. after a lingering illness, Anna Louisa, wife of Walter Peacey.

On the 15th inst. at the residence of Mr. Edward Peacey, on the corner of Front and Pine streets, Mr. Edward Peacey, in the 68th year of his age.

On Friday afternoon, 13th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, in the 69th year of her age.

On Wednesday morning, 11th inst. Henry, infant son of George P. and Margaret A. Richardson, aged 1 year.

On the 12th inst. Wm. Penn, son of James and Rebecca Gaul.

On the 9th inst. of his age.

On board the Atlantic, from Philadelphia, for Boston, Mr. Benjamin Warne, cook, (colored) of New York.

Suddenly, on Mobile, on the 16th June last, Captain Benjamin Crutchfield, of Philadelphia, aged 43 years.

On the 6th inst. at the residence of his father in Pittsburgh, Penn.

At Mobile, Ala. on the 3d inst. of yellow fever, Mrs. Sarah C. Wentzell, late of Philadelphia, to the 43d year of her age.

On the 12th inst. after a short illness, Rosine C. Heaton, aged 40 years.

On the 13th inst. Henry Clay, infant son of Robt. and Eliza Ann Ogden.

On Friday evening, 6th inst. at the U. States Naval Asylum, John Canby, a native of Philadelphia aged about 45 years.

On the 10th inst. Chas. J. Hopkins, son of Thomas and Esther Hopkins, in the 34 year of his age.

On Monday morning, 9th inst. Edward Hopkins, infant son of Thomas Lee, and 13 months.

On Thursday, 12th inst. after a lingering fever, Solomon J. Dewit, Esq. of the house of Dewit, Downy & Co. N. Orleans, and Alter, Taylor & Dewey, Philadelphia.

At Natchez, Ga. of the yellow fever, James T. Grant, partner of Corn., Mc. Cornell, Grapenuth, Grant & Co. Mr. Grant was a native of Norwich, Connecticut.

On the 10th inst. Edward Wingate, eldest son of Henry L. Gaw, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 9th inst. after a long and painful illness, Mary Anna, wife of Robert L. Baker, Esq. of this city, Susan Anna, wife of Robert L. Baker, Esq. of this city.

On Tuesday, September 17th, after a protracted illness, Mary Lucinda, second daughter of the late Captain Jacob Cash, jr. in the 25th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Margaret Ann Hall, infant daughter of Mrs. Eliza M. Hoan, wife of Pearson Hoan.

At Annapolis, Missouri, on the 26th ult. of bilious fever, Mr. Jesse Schaeffer, in the 63th year of his age. He was a native of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday, 10th inst. after a protracted illness, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Henry W. Hopkins, and daughter of the late Robt. L. Nevins.

On Thursday morning, 14th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson, in the 69th year of her age.

At Bally Springs, Va. on the 5th inst. Mr. Samuel Wallace, infant son of James W. and Mary Ratcliffe of Germantown, aged 2 years.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Stephen Ambush, in the 59th year of his age.

At his residence in Trenton, N. J. on Friday morning, 13th inst. Mr. Nicholas Dubo Mount, in the 57th year of his age.

OBITUARY.

On Monday last Mahlon Atkinson (the father of the publisher of this paper) aged 77 years. He is one, after a pilgrimage in which he suffered a full share of the ills of mortality, but was sustained by some of the consolations of religion, and possessed in some of his experiences, he announced a repugnance to immediate dissolution, without a struggle. Several years since, he left the undoubted evidence of his faith in the Saviour, and of his hope of a future life, and the adhesions of humanity have no further power. He was ready to say farewell to be in the land of the living, and in the hope of dying good to his fellow men, and of meeting his Redeemer in heaven, where he encountered many trials and privations, and was the very youngest boy who was ever witnessed the organization of the only society left was to return to the city of his birth, and to die among his kindred and friends. That he effected, and was most thankful to Divine Providence for having the power of his way, when apparently there was no hope of success in the undertaking, and when he was left by his friends, especially and thoroughly in these branches of learning which he had chosen for his profession, and which he prepare those who desire it, for college. Much care is due to the memory of such a man. He was known as well as the moral and benevolent man, being deemed by those who knew him best, as the most perfect. He was a man of much personal, and is made as nearly as possible, like that of the Saviour of mankind.

Mr. Atkinson was a native of Burlington, N. J. and was born on the 1st of 4th mo.

The Wake will be held on the 23d of 10th mo. and continues till the 9th of 4th mo.

Mr. Atkinson was a native of England and passed his youth amongst and for Brandon, by the Rev. Mr. Gregg, Mr. Thomas Ellis, to Miss Mary Ann Jones, both of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph Sloan to Miss Martha Ann Gray, both of this city.

On the 12th inst. by the same, Mr. Abraham M. Lane, to Miss Jane Ann Jones, both of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the same, Mr. Jas. Rain, to Miss Mary Ann Gallagher, both of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Gideon Ellis, to Miss Mary Ann Hutchinson, both of Northern Liberties.

On Thursday morning, 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. M'Dowell, Daniel Sutton Miller, to Jane P. daughter of Mr. Robert Archer, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

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